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The American Friend

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Vol. XLVIII No. 26

DECEMBER 18, 1941

New Series
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THE STREET OF CHRISTMAS

(See page 544)

The Sunday School Lesson in the Business of Living

Provided by the Board on Christian Education—Edited by Percy M. Thomas

For December 21—The Coming of God's Son

(Isaiah 9:6, 7; John 1:1-18; I John 4:9-14)

MEANING OF THE INCARNATION

Blessed Christmas! These words are being written after the fateful declaration of war by the United States Congress on December 8. If ever the Sunday School lesson had the bread of life for the business of living, it is the theme for today of the coming of God's Son.

Cases always convince better than theories. On a planetary scale now, the human order has made its choice, in the pursuance of which, necessity will press with more and more severity upon the soul of mankind. Fair words will find fewer and fewer ears to hear them. The persuasions of sweet reason will be less and less effective. All talk of a better way will confront the competition of a rising crescendo of determination to follow through the logic of this choice. But one thing will not be shaken—the incarnation. The act of God in sending his son cannot be swept out of history by any world revolution, however violent, nor will its message to the hearts of men be silenced by the storms of passion. Whatever else may succumb to the storm, this coming of Jesus to the world will go on witnessing to men the truth that God loves, that he redeems through suffering, that enemies are to be pitied and forgiven and loved, that you find your life by losing it.

The disciples who knew and loved him best understood the power of the incarnation. They did not write to extol him—they told the dramatic facts of his life, and they have done their own work. Great thinkers have contributed richly to the stream of human thought; but no one has caught the imagination of mankind as he has. Here is Someone to tie to now. Don't get very far from him! In Stanley Jones' splendidly coined phrase, "Many teachers of the world have tried to explain everything—they have changed little or nothing. Jesus explained little and changed everything."

Theodore G. Soares recalls a young Harvard student who told him that he had read Charnwood's "Lincoln" and had been so impressed with the moral power of the hero that he had seemed to go through his daily life thinking as Lincoln thought and doing as Lincoln did. This power of the soul's hero to make over life itself suggests that we should dare to make one very practical application of the incarnation. The incarnation must be undergone as a power of first-hand experience over our lives. In all reverence, it is probably true that we do not, cannot, appreciate much of the meaning of Jesus as a Savior unless we know the redemptive power in our own lives. In other words, lip service must pass over into life service. In the business of living, the incarnation means, among other things, receiving into our own lives the love of God so that we become convincing demonstrations of the power of the Kingdom of God. If God chose an incarnation as the supreme revelation of himself, he depends very greatly today on living exponents of his will. Centuries ago that was the strength of St. Francis of Assisi. "So much youth, simplicity, love, quickly drew the eyes of men toward it," says the modern biographer of the community of thatched huts at Portiuncula inspired by St. Francis. "They were changed men themselves before they set about to change others," said William Penn of the seventeenth century Quakers. Where will the principle of incarnation radically change our family lives, our meeting lives, our business lives, our neighbor lives, our citizen lives?

For December 28—The Christian's Hope

(John 14:1-6; Revelation 22:1-5)

AN EXTENSION OF HOLY LIVING

It is said that the belief in immortality is one which grew as a certainty in the souls of unknown and unnamed saints until, by the time of Christ, it was taken for granted. Its development can be traced in the later books of the Old Testament, here a little and there a little; but there is no record of remarkable revelations of this great hope (C. W. Emmett, "Psychology of Inspiration" in "The Spirit," page 201). T. R. Glover even says that immortality is only mentioned four times in the Old Testament: Psalm 72, 139; Isaiah 26; and Job 19:26 ("The Jesus of History," page 68).

To realize this fact of the intuitive acceptance of immortality through the years as an expression of religious faith helps us keep our perspective. We are dealing with a spiritual certainty which comes out of the life of faith—not with a rigid scheme of ideas about the nature of the future life. "Of Immortality, the soul when well employed is incurious," says Emerson. That is, it is not a self-centered attitude toward one's personal experiences in the life beyond death. One great modern saint whose insights are to be trusted far says, "The specifically religious desire of Immortality begins, not with Immortality, but with God; it rests upon God; and it ends with God. The religious soul does not seek, find, or assume its own Immortality; and therefore seek, find, or assume God" (Baron Friedrich von Hugel).

The writer can recall experiences where a mature Christian sensed exactly this weakness in the absorption of a spiritualist with certain phenomena which he hoped were putting him in touch with a loved one who had passed on, although he was unable to put in words the reason for his judgment that it was an obsession that was not Christian. The interest was not religious. The feverish preoccupation of the interested person bore no fruits in the form of enlarged spiritual experience and quality of life. The interest was first a limited one—in the attachment between two persons—and only secondarily, if at all, an interest in God.

But where the soul is "well employed" upon the great business of serving God's will, the peace and joy of the certainty of immortality are legitimate joys. Jesus' story of the judgment in today's lesson puts this squarely before us: immortal life is all bound up with living obediently in the realm of ethics and the spirit. Immortality is an extension of holy living. In the great Comfort Chapter, a great word is spoken which is constantly on the lips of Christians—a word straight from God to our human hearts which long for completion, and which accept the assurance gladly that it is in God's purpose to carry his work to completion. Paul's expressions in the passage in II Corinthians: 5, might be taken as a model of Christian acceptance without concern of the life that is to come: "Come what may, then, I am confident"; "I am eager to satisfy him, whether in the body or away from it." He admits sighing "to have my mortal element absorbed by life" (Moffatt). Again, in the statement in II Timothy, his eyes are fixed primarily on how he had kept the faith. That is the healthy attitude. The crown will be taken care of. Peter writes ringing words of hope and courage to people obviously undergoing hardship. The words of Revelation cited here have been the poetry of heaven to countless Christians who have lingered over them.

With the existence of God Himself,

(Continued on page 550)

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Friends in Time of War

MOST tragic of ironies is this, that in our Christmas issue we must turn aside to consider our position in the state of outright war that now exists: a state of war that now embraces practically the whole world.

But must we turn aside? As the war clouds darken and gather above this country, as voices for peace and conciliation are stilled, is it not all the more incumbent upon us to seek to be true to the Christmas message? Perhaps, after all, there is appropriateness and significance in the fact that we are thus impelled in this very issue of the paper to face the implications of the hour in the light of what Christmas really signifies.

As for the political and governmental aspects of the recent sensational developments, little needs be said here. Both interventionists and peace advocates interpret the events as justifying the positions which they have heretofore taken, respectively. While it is true that the fatal hour struck with a dramatic suddenness that was extremely disconcerting, why should so great surprise be feigned? We have known all along that Japan and Germany are avowed allies, pledged to each other's support in case of attack, and how could this country's all-out belligerent policy against Germany be interpreted otherwise than as attack? There was at least sufficient semblance of attack to enable Germany to bear down upon Japan to make good on her treaty obligation and to strike at the United States.

The flagrant treachery with which Japan proceeded was dastardly and can evoke nothing but a sense of outrage. Yet war is increasingly becoming just that. Whatever there was of rule and regulation that marked warfare when it offered a career for knightly gentlemen, has gone into the discard. Inhuman and bestial cruelty, accompanied by brazen duplicity, rule the hour in total war. What this does to the human spirit and to those precious though intangible values of life, to say nothing of physical destruction, makes the method of war worse than futile as a means of building a better world.

Having said this, we readily concede that the manner in which outright war has come to this country, places the pacifist in a peculiarly difficult position from the popular viewpoint. Japan's heinous attack with one hand while bearing the flag of peace in the other, was the perfect technique for uniting and arousing the American people for war—for defensive war if you please. Quite naturally, the public asks the pacifist what would he do—what *could* he do—under these circumstances, other than fight back. In short, in the face of the crisis, he is asked to take over and help execute a policy which is wholly at variance with his own program, which if followed, he verily believes, would have prevented the dire crisis now at hand. There is no use to blink the difficulty ahead for pacifists as they meet this situation.

It is not our province or desire, however, to speak here for pacifists in general. We do feel some responsibility for setting forth what seems to us to be the place and service of the Society of Friends in time of war. Friends yield to none in devotion to their country. They earnestly desire to serve it in every good way compatible with their devotion to God. Because of certain deep-seated religious convictions which they have always held—convictions having to do with the nature of God and his relation to man—they cannot conscientiously take part in war. Many feel that they cannot join with their fellow citizens in stimulating and supporting the activities whereby the war is actively prosecuted. While this is true, Friends have always been ready and eager to engage in forms of wartime service which succor humanity and prepare the way for a better future. Friends in England, and several American Friends, are now bravely demonstrating this way of life amid war's destructiveness.

As loyal citizens, the last thing to be expected of Friends is an attitude of obstruction to the government's war program. While we cannot participate in that program, except indirectly, we would be less than human did we not follow the fortunes of the war with anxious interest. If this is a mark of inconsistency, we are to that degree inconsistent. On the other hand, we do not yield our responsibility and duty, as loyal citizens, to express ourselves on governmental trends and policies, particularly as they relate to human values and measures for secur-

ing durable peace at the conclusion of the war. Otherwise we would become political eunuchs.

There is another Quaker principle involved here that we would not overlook. In what we have been saying, we are well aware that we do not speak for all Friends. Many of our group are already in the armed forces of the nation, and others soon will be. Many of their elders, now that war has been declared, will feel that they should help prosecute it. We have no quarrel with these Friends. It is a fundamental principle of the Society of Friends that the individual must act as his conscience dictates. We must thus maintain fellowship with all as each follows the path of duty as he sees it. On the other hand, we believe it will be generally agreed that the position which we have outlined above, is substantially that of the Society of Friends as a body.

Somewhat more specifically, what are some of the contributions which Friends may render their country in the serious war times ahead? They may be termed immediate and long-run services. The former involve services of conservation and construction, as already recognized by the government in providing for Civilian Public Service camps; of greater significance still are the services our young men are preparing in camp to give in relief and reconstruction, as set forth by us on these pages in our last issue. Of equal importance, though less dramatic, is the contribution which we all should make in every-day lives of kindliness, mutual respect, poise, tolerance and cooperative helpfulness, as exemplified by us in our local communities.

Rather more indefinite, though no less significant, are the long-run services which look far into the future—which help make the shape of things to come. The two cannot be sharply differentiated, for it is obvious that the immediate contributions serve as a necessary basis for those which extend far into the future. In brief, in anticipation of and in preparation for a new social order that has not in it the seeds of future wars, we should be seeking for ourselves new patterns of living: new patterns in which the forces of good will may be strengthened through the spirit and methods of mutual cooperation.

To the December issue of *Fellowship,* journal of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, Arthur E. Morgan contributes the leading article on "Trigger Action and Direct Action." Perhaps the following paragraph from that article will help clarify what we mean by long-run services:

"Today the impulse to 'trigger action'; the desire to control and direct existing stores of human character and motive is so strong, as compared with the impulse to be employed in direct production of character and purpose—as to constitute a crisis in human affairs. So many people are pulling triggers and so few people are producing stores of spiritual ammunition that the whole campaign of human progress is slowing down, and threatens to fail, because of the lack of reserves of spiritual resources."

What a tremendous contribution the Society of Friends will be making if, during the dark and clamorous days ahead, it is able to build up reserves of spiritual resources which may be drawn upon for future building! That is an exacting commission, requiring the best—and more—that in us lies, but it is a service that may rightly be expected of us.

May we still further explain the significance of the long-run services which Friends may render—this time by example. Shortly after the Civil War, concerned Friends started a school for Negro children near Helena, Arkansas. It was called Southland College. For many years successive Friends gave themselves in service to the freedmen and their boys and girls in that section, radiating good will among men. Having served its day and generation, the school passed out of the picture. Some Friends may sometimes have questioned regarding the permanency and importance of the service rendered.

Two days ago a colored woman of character and distinction walked into our office (See news story on page 545). She explained that she had come to Richmond in deference to what Friends had meant to her at Southland in her girlhood days. Today she is nationally recognized as an intellectual leader and as a spiritual force among her people; and not only among her own constituency but among her white neighbors as well. Steadily and surely, by applying the principles which she imbibed at Southland, she is building understanding, good will and mutual helpfulness between the two races in her enlarging community. In fine, out of the war days of 1861-65, comes this continuing contribution from the service of Friends. This is an earnest of the contribution to country and to humanity which Friends may render in the war days which are and are yet to come. How better may we observe Christmas in 1941 than to rededicate ourselves to this service?

Arise, Shine

Arise, shine! for thy light is come,
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth,
And gross darkness the people:
But the Lord shall arise upon thee,
And his glory shall be seen upon thee.
And the Gentiles shall come to thy light,
And kings to the brightness of thy rising.*

ISAIAH 40:1-3.

No Hebrew shepherd gazing at the skies
Will hear tonight a choir of angels sing
Their song of peace and glory that they bring
Despairing men who wait a new sunrise.
In all the world tonight there'll be no wise
Or foolish man, nor any clown or king,
Who'll see a star or light or anything
Presaging dawn on earth to darkened eyes.
There is no need that heavenly light or bell
Proclaim Christ's birth. In spite of blood and tears
There shines within our hearts the truth divine:
"God's Glory is not gone from Israel."
The song within our hearts allays our fears
And biddeth us arise and sing and shine.

GEORGE WILLARD COBB.
Oklahoma A. and M. College.

*The Bible designed to be read as living literature.

A Vision of Christmas, 1941

By Levi T. Pennington

IT WAS a dark night, following a hard day, at the close of which I had made a long drive to speak to a service club, in an effort to convince them that we can and must build a better world than this present one, in which for the second time in my memory, the soil of Europe is drinking up the blood of multitudes. Back at home and in bed, I wondered what I was accomplishing by my pleas to high schools, colleges, churches, service clubs and other groups.

The half moon, which in the early part of the night had silvered the world, had gone down at midnight, and the sky had become overcast with thick clouds. I had heard the call of the cocks in the neighborhood heralding the dawn, of which there was as yet no visible sign, for it was the darkest hour of the whole twenty-four.

But suddenly the sky was ablaze, not with the dawn, but with a wild, fierce light, strangely commingled of searchlights and the glare of airplanes falling, enveloped in roaring flames, and of burning cities and oil-fields on fire. And I saw raging carnage that seemed to make the earth a hell—war on the earth, on the sea, under the sea, in the air; war that drenched the earth with the blood of millions, incarnadined the sea and filled the air with smoke and wreckage and the wail of warning sirens. But more clear in my vision than the marching myriads and the rushing juggernauts of death and the floating fortresses and the mighty birds of the sky and the flaming cities was the figure of one dressed in a seamless robe, who kneeled in that awful carnage; and more clean than the thunder of cannon and the boom of giant bombs and the rattle of machine guns, was his voice, raised in an agony of prayer as with his face turned to heaven he cried, "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do." . . . .

And suddenly time turned back more than two decades, and I saw a council table around which sat a group of grim-faced men. The booming of the cannon of that other war had ceased, and the powers that had at first swept everything before them and that had later met defeat, had signed an armistice with their enemies, pointing toward peace on the basis of certain propositions that had been made by the leader of one of the greater nations involved in that war. But after the armistice had been signed, these grim-faced men at the council table insisted that the treaty of peace be signed on a far different basis; and they were starving the losers in the worst conflict that had ever struck heaven on the face, starving them until their leaders should sign this treaty of peace, starving them while shiploads of food lay in the harbors of that stricken continent, and the man who had led in the greatest life-saving enterprise the world had ever known, plead with these grim-faced men to let the women and children of the stricken continent be fed. But they would not permit it, insisting on their own hard terms, till the cries of the starving women and children became unendurable to those who had been the leaders of the losing powers; and with bitter hearts of hate they signed the treaty, making statements which all the signers of the pact knew to be false, and making promises that all knew could never be carried out. And when the losers in the great conflict had left the council room, and the winners were congratulating one another, I saw again the figure in the seamless dress, and there were tears streaming down his tired face as he lifted his voice in agony and cried, "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do." . . . .

And time moved forward more than two decades, and I saw a great land, the righest and strongest in the world, and the most blest. And the people of that land had come from all the lands of earth, to find liberty of speech, liberty of thought, freedom of worship, freedom of individual enterprise, and all the other blessings of that great country. And this conglomerate people more than any other nation could have been the mediator between the warring powers across the sea; could have helped to end the war and bring about a just and lasting peace. But they had turned from the arts of peace and from the task of feeding and enlightening the world to the tasks of war; not with the full bravery of sacrificing devotion to a cause, but supplying at a price the means for the destruction of mankind—to the brown men of their island empire for the destruction of millions of the yellow men on the mainland, and then to the white men of another island empire for the destruction of their blood brothers across a narrow strip of water.

In the giant nation to the west, factories hummed, airplane plants and army cantonments sprung up like mushrooms, shipyards turned out gigantic floating fortresses, mighty merchantmen, and flotillas of lesser craft to strike under the sea as well as on the sea. And propaganda, much of it false, filled the press and the air-waves, as those who wished the great nation to hurl its man-power by the millions into the mighty massacre, fanned the flames of hysteria and intolerance and war-madness. And I heard the roar of the presses and the clang of hammers and the splash of water as ships were launched; the whistles of the factories and the mighty swelling chorus of the soldiers and civilians as they shouted their selfish love of their own land and their hatred of other lands. And in the press of a crowd before a newspaper bulletin board I saw a quaint figure which the others did not seem to see, a figure clad in a seamless robe which was in striking contrast to the uniforms of the soldiers and the finery of the women and the smart business suits of the hurrying passers-by and the working clothes of artisans and laborers. And in all the crashing hubbub of the city I heard his voice, it seemed to me more agonized than any voice I had ever heard, as he cried aloud, unheard by the throng, "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do." . . . .

And I was in a simple room in which were a number of men of serious mein and sober faces. They all believed that war is utterly at variance with the teaching and the entire spirit of Christianity. And they were providing means whereby those who so held could render other service to their country supported by those who were like-minded with them, under influences which these could provide who believed that love and understanding and the spirit of Christ were the forces that should conquer the world. And they were considering the case of one of the young men who had felt that loyalty to Christ would not permit him even to take the first step in obedience to the law of military conscription. And one who was exempt from military service on other grounds said: "His conscience did not draw the line where mine does. He should have registered. None of our funds shall go to him unless specifically designated for

that purpose." And another said: "I heard him speak, and I can testify positively that he did not pronounce the 'h' in 'shibboleth'." Another said, "You who claim exemption on conscientious grounds, how do you judge another man's conscience?" And another said, "It is unbelievable to me that men who claim all that you do of Christian experience and Christian loyalty should manifest such an unchristian spirit to your own fellow-Christians. You can love Hitler, or you claim you do, and yet you find it so difficult to love one of your own denomination who does not believe just as you do or at least does not say things just as you do." And the same spirit was arising among these lovers of peace that had saturated so many fields of Europe and Asia and Africa with blood. And one was sitting at the table with these lovers of peace, but they did not see him, though they had besought his presence as their meeting began. He wore a seamless robe, and his face, as he heard the sharp words of those who claimed the Prince of Peace as their leader and their Lord, was filled with an unutterable sadness. He bowed his head and his tears dripped on the table, while his voice, apparently unheard by these misguided followers of his, almost whispered the anguished prayer, "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do." . . . .

And I was in a little cave which was a stable. And a sweet-faced woman was there, and a man with a troubled countenance. And in the manger lay a babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes. And afar on the hills I heard a song, sweeter than any that my ears had ever heard. The music was harmonious beyond anything that man had ever written, that human voice had ever caroled, or that organ or that orchestra had ever played. But the words that caught my ear seemed better and more important even than the music. Clear and compelling they came across the frosty night—"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth, peace, good will toward men." And the babe in the cradle-manger smiled. And his eyes seemed to be seeing afar, as if he were taking a long, long look, down through distant vistas that were centuries and milleniums. . . . .

And I stood in a glorious land—a land of peace and plenty, of love and good will, of smiling age and laughing youth, where fear and want and sin were forever banished. I saw a new heaven and a new earth, wherein righteousness dwelt. And I heard a great voice saying, "Behold I make all things new. . . . And the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea. . . . All the kingdoms of the earth shall become the kingdoms of His son." And I saw the multitude lifting up their faces as the bright light of day became brighter, as One approached. And though his face and his apparel both shone with "a light that never was on sea or land," I saw that it was a seamless robe which he wore. And I fell at his feet, and it seemed so glorious that the Light of the World had at least dawned upon redeemed humanity that I felt that all the wounds of ignorance and sin were healed. And when I opened my eyes, the sun was shining across the bed through the eastern window. It was a fine morning.

But the morning paper was at my door, with its news of terrible slaughter in Europe and Asia and Africa, on the sea and on the land and in the air. And I prayed, with an earnestness that I had not for a long time known: "Our Father who art in heaven . . . thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Newberg, Oregon.

As a Sign Tonight

By Emily Parker Simon

Hast thou set candles as a sign tonight
Against the coming of the Holy Child?

Forgive us that in this we fail
For all our candles have been used
Through countless air-raids long ago.
Nor might we set them
As a glowing sign within our windows;
Regulations said
That there must be no light
In any window
Whatsoe'er the night!
A plane
Unmindful that it flew
In Holy Company
Might find the little candle's gleam
A guiding sign and soon out-speed
The Heavenly host.
Shall there be then no sign,
No symbol of awaited joy
To light the coming of the Little Child?
Shall there be only sirens
Instead of angel's songs?

One light still shines—
The Christmas Star!
And all the regulations of a war-directed world
Will not suffice
To dim its glory in the heavens;
But on earth—what sign?
Walk softly on this Holy Night
Among the starving, suffering;
There you will see
Deep in the horror-haunted eyes
Of little ones—
("The least of these" for whom there is
No room in any inn)
A faltering flame—symbol of faith
(Or is it only hope?)
That someone yet may come
Someone undaunted by blockades
Or barriers of hate and violence and greed—
Someone
With friendship in his heart
And tokens of good will
Within his hands.

There in that mystic place
Where love and suffering meet
Is set the sign, the symbol
That will light again
The coming of the Little Child.

Glory to God! His star still shines!
Good will to man! If we keep faith,
Nor fail
This dimmer, earthly sign.

Baltimore, Maryland.

The Church of Jesus Christ cannot bless war, but the Church in wartime should have something more significant to contribute than a negative attitude.—*Christian-Evangelist.*

The Song of Christmas

By William J. Sayers

Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

LUKE 2:13-14.

CHRISTMAS is always identified with song. What a song this is! Homer, Milton, Tennyson, Whittier at their best never approximated it:

"Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the Son, the joy was new,
'Twas more than Heaven could hold,
So angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man."

When Love wished to express itself best it resorted to music. The greatest musicians have been good men, and when they expressed themselves at their highest, they have attempted the holiest themes. This is true of Jubal, David, Solomon, Beethoven, Bach, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Mozart and Liszt. If you like, think of more modern composers. Think of Haydn's "Creation," and Handel's "Messiah."

The mission of music is to soften and remove hatreds of men. Good music and anger can never dwell at the same time in the soul of anyone. When song comes in, anger goes out and peace and good will come in. David's music drove out anger, jealousy, hatred and malice from the mind of the mad Saul. Music helps wonderfully to unify the world. We all sing "Jesus Lover of My Soul," written by a Methodist; "Rock of Ages," by a Presbyterian; "Nearer My God to Thee," by a Unitarian; we sing with the Quaker, "The Eternal Goodness"; we sing "O Happy Day," by a Baptist, and "There's a Wideness in God's Mercy Like the Wideness of the Sea," by a Roman Catholic.

God knew that music would bring peace and good will quicker than any other way, so He sent part of His heavenly choir of angels to give us heaven's theme song, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man." Music is the language of the soul, the language of love, so all nationalities understand it, even when written by one of a different race and tongue. If we will keep our music lofty it will glorify God in the highest, which was the dominant note in the Christmas song of the angels. If nations would put the peace theme in their national airs instead of making them a hymn of hate, war, the favorite sport of dictators, would cease much more quickly, and death would have to go on its way unaided by its most terrible auxiliary, war! This song means we are to have the spirit of Christmas—are to give the right of way to the fraternal spirit.

When this song has sung its way into the heart of man he will have peace within his soul, peace between man and man because of the peace that man has with God.

This glorious song on that first Christmas was not for a few shepherds only. It is for all the ages. Yes, this song was an outbreak of the joy of heaven. Yes, the great heart of God broke through, so that our hearts in turn would break through in peace and good will. If you have a grudge, a grievance, or if you have envy, anger or jealousy—Christmas is a good time to change to peace and good will to all. Pause now and say in love: "I love everybody even as Christ my Saviour loves me, and as He would have me love others.

Are God's angels singing to you this Christmas morn?

Muncie, Indiana.

The Angel's Gospel

By Charles C. Haworth

'TWAS Christmas Eve! For two hours we sat and listened to Christmas carols and to the Messiah as it came in over the radio, then we retired. I awoke as the clock was striking twelve. Christmas had just reached the Pacific Coast. Almost twenty-four hours before it had started in the mid-Pacific and winged its way around the world. We are among the last to feel its benign and holy blessedness, for we dwell near the day's end.

As I lay awake my thoughts went back to that first Christmas night. The familiar words coursed through my mind with a beauty, a sacredness, a completeness, and a depth of wondrous meaning I do not remember having experienced before. Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. What a message for such a time as this! Fear not! Good tidings! Great joy! To all people! A Saviour is born! Such was the message of the angel. And who, but an angel, would have thought of such a message? This was the message of the one angel to each one of us as individuals. A personal message to you, to me, to every one; there is born a Saviour. The same message had come earlier to Joseph, and by an angel: Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins. It was the message of Jesus himself: for the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. This is the very essence of the Christian gospel to the individual. Unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. This is the prerequisite to the following message.

Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men. Such was the message of the group to the group, or shall we say, the social gospel? We have been thrilled by its poetic beauty; have we seen its profound practicality? Again we exclaim, What a message for such a time as this! Here we find also the very essence of Christ's social teaching: Love your enemies. Good will and Christian love are synonyms. Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, neither does good will.

Good will, we are beginning to realize, is the only possible foundation for enduring peace among men. Only men of good will have peace. Peace on earth glorifies God. Has man's finite mind ever been able to express such profound and fundamental spiritual truth in so few, so wonderful words? Verily it must have been a message given by a messenger direct from God!

Salem, Oregon.

A Christmas Prayer

Hallowed Spirit of truth and light,
Thy honor lifts my humble soul tonight;
Reveal thy wondrous gleaming star
That I may walk with thee—not from afar,
But near thy side from day to day
Along life's path, through all the narrow way,
Where joys and somber trials come;
Then with abiding trust in thee,
Thy gentle hand shall lead me home.

LULA H. KENWORTHY.

Kokomo, Indiana.

Down the Coast to Frisco

Over the Highway of Beautiful Bridges

BEFORE leaving Newberg for points south, we conclude our home town coverage with a few Friendly references. On our first Sunday in Newberg we listened to an excellent sermon by Gervas A. Carey, who has since resigned as pastor to head the Biblical Department in Pacific College. We never return to the meeting in which we were spiritually nurtured from early childhood, without being deeply conscious of the cloud of witnesses whose spirits seem to hover over the sanctuary. We pay silent tribute to all those who as ministers, as Sunday School teachers, as Christian Endeavor Society sponsors and as discerning Friends, entered helpfully into the life of our plastic years. And what the Friends meeting was to growing youth, it was largely, also, to the developing community in which it was the first religious organization and influence.

Where the Tall Presidents Grow

Shortly after our arrival in Newberg, we walked one early morning over on the college campus, which is adjacent to our paternal premises, and who should surprise us emerging at seven o'clock from Wood-Mar Hall but Levi T. Pennington! "Rather an early office hour for a President-Emeritus," we remarked. Except for the new emeritus relationship, he would probably have been there all night. Emeritus or no, Levi T. will continue to be up and doing in energetic service, learning still to labor—but not to wait.

We might characterize Pacific as the college where the tall presidents grow. For thirty years Pacific's prexy in the person of Levi T. Pennington towered above his presidential colleagues, and when his successor was chosen, Pacific stepped on up by three or four inches in selecting Emmett W. Gulley. Just getting under way when we were there, he told us something of his plans and purposes for Pacific College. In a word, he would train the students in the spirit of the Constitution of Friends; that is, in seeking to adapt the College to the needs of the time, he hopes to prepare young people for various forms of humanitarian service, undergirded by a definite spiritual motive.

President by Remote Control

Incidentally, the new presidential home is as elevated in the world as is the new president himself. Artistically contrived by Emmett Gulley who himself laid stone upon stone, it is situated on a bench of Chehalem Mountain north of town. And what a glorious vista of the valley is afforded therefrom! It's a great place for high thoughts, but is rather far removed from the inevitable low deeds which may be expected now and then of prankish college boys in the still watches. It remains to be seen how effectively President Emmett may govern by remote control. Speaking of Pacific College officialites, the Chairman of the Board is Dr. Thomas W. Hester of Newberg, who was our classmate at Pacific, and both our classmate and "old lady" at Earlham.

Shortly before leaving town and State, we paid our respects to his honor, George Layman, Newberg's handsome young attorney-mayor; likewise a parting call upon Postmaster George Larkin, host plenipotentiary to old town homecomers. These calls were symbolic as well as personal, suggestive of our parting salutation to all our Oregon friends.

Over Pacific Coast Highway

Taking leave of the Oregon family circle on August 7, we headed once more toward the coast, this time over the Salmon River road, where we connected with the Pacific Coast Highway for the trip southward. While this was a repeat performance for four of us, we welcomed it no less enthusiastically than did Alex and Bernice Louise, to whom this marvelous highway was entirely new. Unfortunately for them, however, rather persistent fog obscured many of the magnificent views of sea and mountains over which we had exclaimed in admiration in 1936.

Once again we enjoyed the artistry as well as we appreciated the utility of the splendid new bridges that span the water-ways—both rivers and bays—to be crossed. Five years ago there lacked one bridge to complete the highway link, and we had to ferry across Yaquina Bay. Not so this time when we had the pleasure of driving over the bay on the long and graceful bridge that is indeed a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

We Turn Aside at Yachats

As we drove down the Oregon coastline that afternoon, we recalled a particularly rough and rugged point on the beach near Yachats (pronounce it and the place is yours), where

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast—
* * *
On the wild *Pacific* shore."

Hence we turned aside at "Yahots" to see what the wild waves were doing now. They were doing plenty for, as before, the tide was just right for a big show. It was good fun to clamber over the rocks and watch the surf as it churned through hidden chambers, spouted up through occasional periscope holes or blasted its way over the rocky barrier altogether. We still have vividly in mind the picture of Mary Ellen (whose nonchalant venturesomeness was frequently the despair of her youngest sister) as she stood on the peak of one of the farthest points of rock, gazing out to sea as the incoming tide threatened to cut off her retreat.

Yes—No Catfish Today!

Moreover, this time we enjoyed a double feature at Yachats (an Indian word compounded of the German for "yes" and the French for "cats." Interpretation ours!). As we approached, we noted many people on the rocks manifesting unusual activity and even excitement. With long-handled nets they were fairly scooping up the fish from the surf as it poured in through the rocks. (We were right! The word means, "Yes, we have catfish today.") As we joined the milling crowd on the rocks, we observed that a big run of fish was on, these small fry, the size of sardines or small smelt, probably being pursued by the big bad fish seeking a toothsome repast. (Our interpretation still holds—it isn't our mistake if the Indians didn't know their fish!) The fishermen, who manifestly were tourist amateurs, were having the time of their lives. Some of them had five gallon cans which they were able to fill almost in a jiffy. Generous with their take, they urged us to help ourselves, which, unhappily we were unprepared to do. If only the Professor (Harlow Lindley) could have been with us then! For once he would have had enough fish plus, without having to call for more.

Ain't She a Wonderful State!

This Yachats incident reminds us of how, many years ago, Father all but lost his good reputation for veracity. It was this way. Shortly after he and Mother moved to Oregon, they made a wagon trip to the beach, with others of the community, when they encountered one of these occasional runs of fish. In all good faith, Father, who was a far-western correspondent for the local Mooresville, Indiana, newspaper, wrote of the coast trip and told how the beach was fairly lined with fish thrown up by

the tide. It was too much for the credulity of the Hoosier inlanders, and whenever in later years Father would return to the old home precincts for a visit, they would invariably banter him over that whopper of a fish story. Similarly, in due time, when we went to Earlham from Pacific as a Senior, people raised their eyebrows when we told of having grown a strawberry that measured more than eleven inches in circumference—and we never said a truer word, believe it or not. After all, Oregon *is* a wonderful State!

One Night of Horror Described

With mingled feelings of anticipation, we approached Bandon-by-the-Sea toward evening. It was there that we had such a pleasant over-night stop in 1936, just three weeks before a forest fire swept suddenly down from the mountains one night and wiped out the town. While a brave and pathetic effort has been made to rebuild during the intervening years, the place gives something of the impression of a "ghost town" whose glory has departed. However, there is hope for any town with a Minute Cafe capable of serving the juicy salmon steaks that were set before us that evening.

On the bluff above the village, and overlooking the sea, we were soon at home for the night in a lovely cottage at Franklin Cabins, all rebuilt since the fire. Our hostess answered our eager inquiries regarding the disaster, telling us a vivid story of that night of horror. Without warning, like a thief in the night, the vicious flames swept in and over the community at eleven o'clock. Imagine the surprise and consternation of people, particularly of the tourists in cabins, thus caught entirely unawares. Townspeople and tourists, grabbing up a few clothes, were herded together in a small inlet on the beach, where they spent the agonizing hours till daylight. Men valiantly fought off the encircling flames and with wet sacks assuaged the intensity of the heat. Even so, a good many lives were lost, to say nothing of the enormous destruction of property and personal possessions.

On this, our second visit at Bandon, we were enveloped in a spectral fog that hung over the coast. Cozily ensconsed in our cabin home, we slept to the lullaby of the near-by fog horn that sounded its throaty warning throughout the night.

California in the Union?

Remembering our harrowing experience in "going through customs" on our previous down-the-coast trip, we approached the California border next forenoon with some apprehension. This time, while we had to clear our trunk of all our luggage, the inspectors did not ruthlessly ransack our suitcases as before. We would almost conclude that California contemplates entering the Union!

At Crescent City we lunched genteelly at the Blue Roof where one gets the atmosphere of distinction as well as excellent food. Our blessing upon purveyors of nourishment who have imagination as well as good cooks.

Good Fortune in Fortuna

After making a short stop at the town of Fortuna that afternoon, what was our consternation when the car refused to start. It was just one of those things. An investigation in a near-by garage showed that the armature of the generator had gone bad. Sending to the nearest city for a new one would require an over-night stop and a delay that would endanger our Sunday morning appointment in Berkeley. However, the proprietor of the garage, in looking about, found a worked-over armature from our neighboring town of Anderson, Indiana, which just fitted our car, and within an hour or more we were on our way again. So, after all, we had good fortune in Fortuna.

In the Redwood Empire

Evening time brought us to the village of Weott where we slept in the lee of the Redwoods, for we were now in the midst of the Redwood Empire. Invariably, as one gazes upon these mighty forest columns, topped by their fronded minarets, he thinks immediately in terms of cathedrals. On our former trip through the Redwoods, we thus described them. We now present them in the words of Duncan McDuffee:

"To enter the redwood grove is to step within the portals of a cathedral, dim, lofty, pillared, peaceful. But this temple, which the Great Architect has been building for a score of centuries, is incomparably nobler, more beautiful, and more serene than any erected by the hands of man. Its nave is loftier than that of Amiens, and longer than that of St. Peter's. Its wine-red shafts, rising clean and straight over two hundred feet, are more numerous than the pillars of Cordova; its floor is carpeted with a green and brown mosaic more intricate than that of St. Mark's; its aisles are lit with a translucence more beautiful than that which filters through the stained glass of Chartres; its spires pierce higher than those of Cologne; its years are greater than those of the first lowly building devoted to Christian service."

First thing next morning, we visited Founders Tree in the Dyerville Flats, the "founders" having been the members of the "Save the Redwoods League," who were responsible for awakening public sentiment for establishing government parks for the preservation of these forest giants. It is appropriate that this tree, thought to be the tallest tree in the world at a height of 364 feet, be dedicated to these pioneer champions of the Redwoods.

A Museum of Forest History

These redwood trees appear in a long succession of memorial groves, stretching intermittently, from the Oregon border on the north to Ukiah, a distance of some 250 miles. One of the most attractive of these groves we missed in 1936, passing through it after dark in search of a night's habitation; not that it is more impressive than others as a grove, but it constitutes something of an educational museum in forest history with its striking exhibits carefully explained in legends attached. We refer to Richardson's Grove, near the southern boundary of the Redwood Empire, so-called.

A Long Stump Speech!

As an example of these exhibits, we mention the upturned stump of a tree whose age is estimated at 2200 years. Beginning far out from the center, well known events in history are listed on the stump at the time they occurred in the life of the tree: from the crowning of Charlemagne in 800, on down past such dates as 1066-1215-1431-1492-1776 (we trust that these are still familiar to all our old history students) to 1850, when the first white man passed through there. Standing in the presence of such a striking demonstration, one instinctively exclaims, "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Here, sown by the Creator's hand,
In serried ranks, the Redwoods stand;
No other clime is honored so,
No other lands their glory know.

The greatest of Earth's living forms,
Tall conquerors that laugh at storms;
Their challenge still unanswered rings,
Through fifty centuries of kings.

The nations that with them were young,
Rich empires, with their forts far-flung,
Lie buried now—their splendor gone;
But these proud monarchs still live on.

Joseph B. Strauss.

Not long after leaving the Redwoods behind, we began to see the liveoaks, making up in sturdiness what they lack in towering height. And soon, too, we had glimpses of California's far-famed vineyards. After lunching at Santa Rosa, we rode on down through the world's egg-basket, whose center is Petaluma.

Across Two Great Bridges

It was a beautiful afternoon when we came down to the tip of the penin-

sula north of San Francisco—and what a glorious view we had of the sail-studded bay from the heights above Sausalito! Then the thrill of driving across Golden Gate Bridge, a triumph of engineering science! Indeed there were two such thrills in quick succession as we made our way from the Golden Gate Bridge, with its longest single span in the world (four-fifths of a mile), to the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, biggest of all bridges, over which we crossed to the Oakland-Berkeley section of this metropolitan area.

Driving northward from the Oakland exit, we who hailed from Richmond, Indiana, on Highway 40, established ourselves at the Blue Bell Auto Court on that same Highway 40, in Richmond, California. How could we feel otherwise than perfectly at home?

W. C. W.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ANTI-WAR CONGRESS SPONSORED

Making democracy work at home, preserving, extending its ideal, and building a new world order will be the principal topics discussed at the Fifth National Youth Anti-War Congress to be held from December 27 through December 30 at Chicago University and Chicago Thelogical Seminary.

Many religious leaders who are opposed to war and who have not lost faith in the struggle for peace and freedom are sponsoring this Congress, which is to be held under the auspices of the Youth Committee Against War. Among the sponsors are: Dr. Albert W. Palmer, President of Chicago Theological Seminary; Rev. Allen Knight Chalmers, Minister of Broadway Tabernacle, New York City; Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Minister of Community Church, New York City; Dorothy Day, editor of the *Catholic Worker;* Harvey Seifert, Executive Secretary of the National Conference of Methodist Youth Fellowship; Paul Hutchinson, Managing Editor of the *Christian Century;* Hilda Schweiker of the National Intercollegiate Christian Council; Cyrus Pangborn, Secretary of the Interseminary Movement, and others.

The Congress is open to delegates from all groups which are not pro-intervention, and which desire to promote political and economic democracy at home and abroad. Visitors and observers are also welcome. The Registration Fee is $1.00. For further information address Miss Hazel Whitman, 22 E. 17th Street, New York City, New York.

"The great work of the centuries can only interest him who takes a part in it."

I CANNOT RETREAT ONE INCH, SAYS YOUTH

Statement of Fred H. Richards in U. S. Court in Philadelphia on November 26, 1941.

I am a student of biology, in Swarthmore College, of the class of 1944. I stand before you today, your Honor, for two reasons. The first is conscription—the second is war.

By religious training and belief I am a Quaker. During the last war, my father, a sixth-generation American citizen, was a conscientious objector to conscription and war. My family life has been in keeping with this record.

I was born one month too late to have been subject to the October sixteenth draft of 1940. In line with my study program, I went to Mexico in February of this year where I was studying when the April earthquake devastated the Colima region. On organization of the Tuxpan reconstruction camp of the American Friends Service Committee, I volunteered, and paying all my own expenses and without receiving any salary, went to work in the camp in Tuxpan. It was at about this time that the news reached me of a new registration for the draft, on July 1, 1941.

As a descendant of Benjamin Wood Richards, former mayor of Philadelphia, and other early Americans, I have been brought up to honor and love our country's ideals and traditions. The thought of our adoption in this country of conscription—a totalitarian, Nazi, Communist, and Fascist method—runs contrary to all that I have ever been taught or have come to believe. Involuntary servitude and slavery, whether for the state or a private owner, denies basic principles for which my family has struggled for generations. I cannot picture the America for which my great-great-grandfather fought at Valley Forge as a nation of civilian and military conscripts.

If our draft law contained a clause exempting men who, like myself, cannot conscientiously accept any compulsory service demanded by the State, I would be glad to volunteer for dangerous constructive service for my fellow men, as I did in Mexico. In the English draft law such complete exemption is authorized, and under its operation more than 2,400 men have been so completely exempted. But to perform such service as a slave, under compulsion, and as a conscript, is contrary to both Quaker and American principles. Conscription is the denial of the personal responsibility of a man to live up to the right as he sees it; the right to obey a Higher Law than that of the State—the law of God as revealed to his consicence—the Inner Light of the Quakers.

For a man eager to work towards the alleviation of human suffering, conscription leaves no freedom of conscience. Conscription is the legal enforcement of the proposition that human beings exist only for the purpose of doing what the government wills. It may be brought out that conscription is the basic assumption underlying all Communist, Nazi and Fascist ideologies.

As a Quaker, I cannot but oppose this war. I do not believe that the butchery of another twenty or thirty million people will further the Christian religion. I do not believe that the destroying of billions of dollars worth of property will raise the standard of living of America's or Europe's people. I do not agree with the politicians who say that they want to further world democracy, but who propose action which cannot but destroy the rights of free-born American citizens at home. The religion of Jesus, as I understand it, says that the way to overcome evil is with good, and in dealing with the Indians, William Penn has shown that this method works. Mahatma Gandhi has also used these Christian means in resisting oppression with success proportional to the thoroughness with which he has adopted them. The idea behind this method of fighting is non-violent resistance. In this method of resisting evil, only good means can be used, namely good will, truth, courage, and the willingness to suffer for the good cause. This naturally implies a refusal to use the evil means employed in war—hate, fear, deception, mass murder, and destruction.

There can be no compromise with war. In opposing this composite of all the crimes which men are capable of perpetrating, and in which, admittedly, honor, fair dealing, and Christianity have no place, I cannot retreat one inch.

When word of the July draft reached me, I was in Mexico. As a United States' citizen in a foreign country, the Selective Service Act required neither my registration nor my induction. Legally I was under no obligation to either accept conscription or to return home where I would be subject to it. I could easily have stayed in Mexico, Central, or South America until the war was over and finished my education. I had both the legal right and the financial means to do this.

Morally, though, I felt that in times of crisis it was every American's duty to do his share of defending the ideals and rights of freedom of conscience. For that reason, as soon as I could clean up the immediate work I was doing, I de-

(Continued on page 546)

DEMOCRACY AT WORK IN C. P. S. CAMPS

By ELIZABETH STERN

At a recent A. F. S. C. staff meeting, a visit to Camp Patapsco was described, exemplifying the camp technique as the whole democratic principle in practice, under the Civilian Public Service directed by Friends. The significance of this technique was clearly shown in its democratic group action, which is so much an integral part of the Friends philosophy of human relationships, whether in the family, meeting, business, politics or international affairs.

The event presented was an election at the camp. There had been, as the campers desired, a revolving leadership with no permanent foreman for the work projects. The Government supervisor had acquiesced to the boys' request for such a plan, at least for a trial period. However, after two months he expressed a wish to have more permanent leadership in the projects. He felt it best to have six foremen put in charge. Although according to Selective Service regulations the supervisor has authority himself to appoint permanent foremen, he left it to the boys to select their own men.

It may be imagined with what interest the procedure of this selection was watched. The six were chosen, not by ballot, but in the Friends manner, and the Government supervisor had opportunity to observe the method. There was presentation of names, discussion of each individual's qualities and suitability for tasks involved, offering of further names and further discussion, until presently the roster of a half-dozen was completed. When the list was brought to the project supervisor, four of the men were those whom he himself had considered to place in charge, had the matter been entirely in his hands. The campers gave proof that they knew their natural leaders, that they could choose them in the Friends manner validly. To show how representative was the whole group, the roster of foremen named included two Friends, a member of the People's Church, a Congregationalist, a young Negro, and another man, both Christadelphians.

The democratic principle innate in Friends action is consistently expressed in procedure at the camp. For eight hours a day men are at hard labor set for them by the authorities. In one camp, seventy per cent of the boys are college graduates and thirty per cent of these have done graduate work. In other camps the ratio may be reversed. But the program is alike for all men. It follows the avenues of forestry, soil conservation, fighting and preventing forest fires, building water holes, or doing construction work in public recreation areas. When the set tasks are ended, however, campers are free in the evenings to develop their own programs. Groups, classes, educational projects, and religious meetings are conducted through committees which effect the intent and bespeak the faith and ideals of the participants, as do activities in meetings of Friends. If the C. O. camps were under Government control, this would be impossible, since there would necessarily be regimentation in military discipline.

Two instances may illustrate the Friends way of democratic action at the camps. One young man left camp without permission. The steering committee took up the matter. He was not punished as a separate individual without relationship to the group. He was one of the group, hence the rest had to share in his falling from duty. The steering committee chose to remain with him one whole Saturday afternoon in camp, working during an afternoon which the men ordinarily had free. He had the evocative experience he needed, a lesson in fellowship which assumed punishment with him. Another man refused to do his share of work. By pressure of their silent disapproval the group gave evidence to him that it was not his mere failure as an individual which counted, but his failure to accept and perform his part of the responsibility of the whole group at camp.

In the matter of planning their own time, and also in the matter of seeing that time given to the Government's service be fully and conscientiously used, campers take the Friends method of responsibility as individuals, and as members of a group also. This is the essence of the democratic concept, employed and enjoyed as duty and privilege alike.

In the twenty-one camps over the land there are a total of 1500 boys. In the Quaker camps, which have about 460 boys, one-fourth are Friends, who are being provided for by family meetings, or friends. But a fourth of the boys in Quaker camps have no provision made for their maintenance. There are forty-three young men who belong to no denomination. They have few places to turn to in their serious decision to be conscientious objectors to war. To these boys, the daily conduct of business at camp, after the day's work is done, is a revelation into the thinking, believing, and action of Friends. To them is given evidence of how human beings can live and work and plan co-operatively, as part of a faith and a way of life.

A DECEMBER SUNDAY WITH KOKOMO FRIENDS

On the bright Sunday of December 7, the Editor and wife enjoyed a one hundred mile drive to Kokomo, Indiana, for service in the Union Street morning meeting on good literature Sunday. (We interpreted the invitation as an implied compliment to THE AMERICAN FRIEND!)

Arriving before the close of the Sunday School hour, we were pleased with the comparative attendance figures as posted on the bulletin board in the front of the main auditorium. They showed an increase over the previous Sunday, and a very marked increase over the attendance one year ago.

As perhaps most readers are now aware, Murray C. Johnson, who was for some years the Executive Secretary of North Carolina Yearly Meeting, is the new pastor of the Union Street Meeting. When he took us to the platform just before the opening of the meeting for worship, accompanied by Ora Thomas, a resident minister, Murray insisted on our taking the middle seat, explaining that if he sat behind the pulpit he could neither see nor be seen! He thereupon explained, sotto voce, that when he made his exploratory visit to Kokomo last summer, the minute he saw the pulpit top was adjustable to his stature, he decided then and there to accept the call! On this occasion, needless to say, it was expedient that the top be raised. We hasten to add that as we have observed Murray's work in past years and note how he is approaching his pastoral responsibilities at Union Street, we characterize him as *multum in parvo.*

Incidentally—and not so incidentally either—we were encouraged to see how freely he shared the responsibility for the morning meeting with other members in attendance.

At the close of the meeting we had much satisfaction in renewing old friendships with Kokomo Friends and in acquainting ourselves with others whom we had wanted to meet, including a few who contribute now and then to the pages of THE AMERICAN FRIIEND. In view of the fact that it was good literature Sunday, it will be readily conceded that it was entirely fitting for us to receive the several new subscriptions that were proferred.

After meeting, in company with our long-time Kokomo friend, Lilith Farlow, we enjoyed an excellent dinner and a good visit in the parsonage home of Murray and Savilla Johnson and their young son, Ira Lindley. Leaving in mid-afternoon, the day was still cheery. On reaching Muncie, we heard the newsboys crying the war extras—and twilight was falling toward the dark over all the land.

"TREES OF GOD" MAKE THE STREET OF CHRISTMAS

By WALTER K. PUTNEY

(See cover page of this issue.)

Along Santa Rosa Avenue, at Altadena, California, is one of the most beautiful sights in this country, and throngs of people visit the locality during the week before Christmas. A mile of tall, graceful deodars rise to lordly heights and they are all brilliantly lighted for the holiday season. Thousands of electric bulbs give visitors a glimpse of fairyland and, at one end, high above the ground, is a light design of crossed triangles to represent the Star of Bethlehem. In the evenings, after the trees are lighted, more than fifty thousand autos, with lights out, annually pass down this Street of Christmas Trees, as it is called, coming from all parts of California and from nearby States, just to see the wonderful setting.

The story of those trees is very interesting. A short distance from Pasadena lay the 900-acre ranch of Col. Frederick J. Woodbury and his brother, John. Besides being one of the pioneer ranchers of California, Colonel Woodbury was also something of a traveller. On a trip to Italy he noticed some exceptionally fine evergreen trees, called deodars. He secured a large number of seeds and brought them back to California with him. Then he investigated, at the Bureau of Agriculture in Washington, to learn whether or not the deodar, which is a member of the cedar family, would thrive in this country. Receiving an affirmative reply, Colonel Woodbury planted the seeds in cold frames and watched them very carefully.

In the spring of 1885, when those seedlings were about two feet in height, they were planted along a stretch which Colonel Woodbury had planned as an avenue leading to a fine house which he intended to build. This location was on a high piece of ground overlooking Pasadena, at the base of the Sierra Madres. There were two rows of the trees, extending a distance just short of a mile. Strangely enough, that fine house was never built there but was located elsewhere on the range. Yet that avenue, as laid out between the two rows of trees, was kept in the finest possible condition by the Woodbury brothers.

The little seedlings grew much more rapidly than had been anticipated but the trees did not fruit until they were twenty-five years old. In the meantime, Pasadena was thriving and expanding and part of the ranch owned by the Woodbury brothers was taken up with new homes; so, in that way, a new suburb of Pasadena, called Altadena, was born. In 1920, Mr. Fred Nash, a merchant of Pasadena, conceived the idea of lighting the double row of deodars and this was done under the sponsorship of the Kiwanis Club of Pasadena. Not a Christmas has been missed since that time.

In 1928, the land was made a park, and the Street of Christmas Trees was given to the people of California. When this was done the Women's Circle of Altadena set up a memorial—a huge boulder on which there is a tablet which reads:

"This park is given to the public by the property owners of Santa Rosa Avenue, in grateful appreciation of the planting of these Cedrus Deodara trees in 1885, by Frederick J. and John Woodbury."

The deodar is a native of the slopes of the Himalaya Mountains of India, where it is famous in story and song. Its name signifies "Tree of God." There is nowhere in the United States, nor in the Western Hemisphere, such a group illumination at Christmas, as is seen in this wonderful, enchanting Street of Christmas Trees, at Altadena, California. People realize, once having seen this sight, that there is a beautiful parallel in the work of the Woodbury brothers, in creating this bit of Christmas scenery, and the building up of our Christmas itself through the labors and energies of unselfish men of the past—labors of love and faith that have caused Christmas to be recognized as the world's greatest holiday.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS

Still earth's wise men follow
The heaven-lighted Star,
And still devout souls worship
Wherever shepherds are,
And Herods kill the first born
In jealousy and fear
As Christmas rounds the circle
Of a perennial year;
And God's great Gift lies waiting—
A Babe, a cross, a grave—
While dying, dying, dying
Are those whom He would save;
And peace is quite forgotten
In war's uncertainty
While Love waits recognition
To let the earth go free.
Now Christmas once more beckons
To come and find release
In building life and beauty
Led by the Prince of Peace.

LELIA S. MARSTALLER.
Freeport, Maine.

GENERAL WEEK OF PRAYER AMONG THE CHURCHES

Each year during the first full week of January there is a world-wide observance of the Week of Prayer. For 1942 the dates are January 4-11. All churches except those of the Roman Catholic faith, join in this observance. It is a global fellowship.

The series of topics for this year has been written by Dr. Richard Davidson, Principal of Emmanuel College of Toronto, at the request of the Department of Evangelism of the Federal Council. The theme about which the daily topics are written is, "The Living God." The daily topics under this general theme are:

Sunday, Jan. 4—The Living God.
Monday, Jan. 5—The Son of the Living God.
Tuesday, Jan. 6—The Spirit of the Living God.
Wednesday, Jan. 7—The Church of the Living God.
Thursday, Jan. 8—The Book of the Living God.
Friday, Jan. 9—The Worship of the Living God.
Saturday, Jan. 10—A Day with the Living God.
Sunday, Jan. 11—God of the Beginning and God of the End.

Prayer is needed now if ever when the lights are going out all over the world. The darkness seems more impenetrable than ever before, because it is a projection not only of a slaughter of war, but also of a world upheaval. Strange yeasting forces are disturbing the world order and bringing fear and insecurity to men's minds. Christianity has the answer.

How can the Church gird herself for this testing day? Primarily through prayer, for prayer at its best, is the effective identification of the individual or the group with a God of Power. Only the power of God can steady us in this crisis, make love the victor over hate, and enable us to believe in and work for a new order, grounded on justice and love.

We are all challenged to make this Universal Week of Prayer the spiritual mobilization hour of all our Christian forces.

The Week of Prayer booklets may be ordered from the Department of Evangelism, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., at the rate of 5c per single copy and $2.00 per 100 copies, postpaid.

God can work only through free persons: there can be no compelled communion or enforced fellowship. Only through free persons can the kingdom of love come.—KIRBY PAGE.

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR AT CENTRAL OFFICES

Anna Paschal Strong, President of the National Congress of Colored Parents and Teachers, spent a day in Richmond on December 8 making contacts with Friends, of whom she had known from early childhood. She is the Supervising Principal of the Robert R. Moton High School and of three grade schools at Marianna, Arkansas, and was on her way home from Cleveland where she had broadcast Sunday morning on the well-known "Wings Over Jordan" radio feature.

Her interest in Richmond and Indiana Friends arose from the fact that she received her early education at Southland College near Helena, Arkansas, where she lived and near where she has carved out an honorable career in which she has been of inestimable service to her people. In addition to her educational contribution to her State, she has at different times spent several years in service to federal and state organizations for the advancement of Negro education, and is widely known in official educational circles. She was for some time at Hampton Institute where she became a good friend of F. Raymond and Cecelia Jenkins. Not knowing that they had removed to Richmond, she was delighted to renew her contacts with them.

The few Richmond Friends who had the pleasure felt it a privilege to entertain Anna Strong and were deeply impressed with the story which they elicited from her—the story of the progress which her people in Arkansas are steadily making and of the achievements which some have won. She has followed with particular interest the dramatic career of Oscar Polk, a ragged school boy student of hers at Marianna whom she befriended and encouraged. He has become a prominent character in well-known moving pictures, and some will recall having seen him in "Green Pastures" and in "Gone with the Wind."

Chandler Paschal, Anna Strong's father and one of the first graduating class of three students from Southland College, was a beloved Friends minister at Southland along with Daniel Drew, who in later years removed to Oregon. We remember the latter as an eloquent preacher and shall never forget a sermon which he preached in the Friends meeting at Newberg from the text, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Through all her years, Anna Strong has maintained her interest in Southland people and was able to give information concerning several of them. It was a surprise to some of us to learn from her that at one time there were three Negro Friends meetings in that area—two in addition to the one at Southland. For many years her father ministered regularly to the meeting at Marvelle, several miles distant from his home.

Our guest expressed herself as anxious to compile facts from which to prepare an adequate historical sketch of the Friends work at Southland for, as she expressed it, although the school has long since passed, its impress is still felt in that area, and she desires that the history be written for the information and inspiration of the present and of future generations of her people.

Perhaps some Friends who had early connections and associations with Southland may have facts or reminiscences to contribute to the story which Anna Strong would like to see written. If so, we would encourage them to address her at Marianna, Arkansas.

FRIENDS AMBULANCE UNIT WORK DESCRIBED

On the evening of November 18, Thomas Tanner of the English Friends Ambulance Unit spoke at the New York Friends Center on the work of that group in aiding war victims in England and other parts of Europe. This work included getting activities under way in the air-raid shelters, providing something to do as well as material comforts. The Unit arranged to sell food in these shelters and at one time was serving from three to four thousand people each day. The Unit's mobile squad can travel to any city in England to render aid after a heavy bombing.

When the need for help in air-raid shelters diminished, a vacation camp was started for the young London workers, many of whom had no place to go due to the closing of the beaches near London. Old people who could not be evacuated were aided. The Unit lent its assistance in the rest centers where families whose homes had been destroyed came to live.

Speaking as he did from first-hand information, Thomas Tanner's talk was one of the most interesting at the Center this year. An eager audience kept him long after the meeting answering questions.

The most precious thing anyone can have, is the good will of others. It is something as fragile as an orchid and as beautiful; as precious as a gold nugget and as hard to find; as powerful as a great turbine and as hard to build; as wonderful as youth and as hard to keep.—AMOS PARRISH.

RUFUS JONES SPEAKS TO AMERICAN FRIENDS

Dear Friends:

A new and difficult situation now confronts all of us who belong to the Society of Friends. Our country has declared war against Japan and Germany, and it immediately brings us face to face with new difficulties and new situations and an increased responsibility for us to find our spiritual resources for the new situation.

The whole world is now engaged in warfare, and everybody is concerned with adequate resources for fighting. Now, if ever, we must find adequate resources for our way of life and for making our spiritual contribution to a world of darkness and agony.

It is peculiarly important for us to assist in all ways of kindliness and love the enemy aliens who are found in our country and who will be in deep and difficult situations.

On the day of alien registration in last December, the Attorney General of the United States, Robert H. Jackson, sent out this broadcast message to all Americans:

"Let us not descend to hateful treatment of the aliens as a class. Let us not deprive them of employment, but let them take whatever place in our society their individual work and worth may win. *Let them be hurt by no persecutions.*"

It is important that Friends should remember this and be ready to advise and in Friendly ways assist those who find themselves in trouble because they are enemy aliens. We should in every way we can, discourage hysteria and outbreaks of hate and bitterness against innocent individuals, and as a people be the purveyors of love and tenderness.

Our country will be swept by passion, and there must be little centers of quiet and spiritual assurance in all parts of the country where we exist as a people.

RUFUS M. JONES.

Haverford, Pennsylvania.

Who can calculate the kindness of the human heart? What a world of kindness there is among the sons of men! We are amazed at the kindness of the men and women with whom we associate. We find them tender, kind, affectionate, appreciative, generous. Ever ready to help good causes, ever ready to help those in peculiar distress, ever ready to bear other people's burdens are the men and women whom we know most intimately. Get into the secret life of your associates. Know them better and you will appreciate them more. Let us think well of one another; let us serve one another; let us love one another.—*Watchman-Examiner.*

LOST ROAD—LOST SONG

A Christmas Poem

There is no Road to Bethlehem,
Men say, and men should know
For they have teamed strong-shouldered guns
To plow that Way and sow
The strange and sterile seed of bones.
They plow, they plant red heap on heap
Lest they should come upon that Path
The Wise and Good have trodden deep.
Lest they go down
To David's town
And find their lust and greed foresworn
On looking at the Manger-Born.

There is no skyey song, men say,
And men, the Strong, are right
For they have loosed a scourge of wings
To beat across the night.
They may not stop the hunt of death,
Their birds of prey they dare not call
Lest they should glimpse a fire-white Star
Above a dark and lonely Stall.
Lest they should hear,
Serene and clear,
Star-echoed strains that never cease:
"Peace . . . good will to men . . . peace . . ."

LIDA LISLE MOLLOY.

Chicago, Illinois.

COLLEGE AVENUE FRIENDS HAVE A MIND TO WORK

College Avenue Meeting, Oskaloosa, Iowa, is going forward with a busy year's program under the leadership of the pastor, Charles O. Whitely.

Stewardship, evangelism, peace and public morals are being stressed in sermons and by illustrated lectures. The Woman's Missionary Society, the Young People's groups and the Sunday School are all working harmoniously for the church's educational program. Special features are being arranged for the Christmas and Easter season.

The Layman Christian Sunday was observed on November 16, at which time three young men of William Penn College took part in the morning meeting. Dick Newby, Billy McCord and Paul Perisho spoke, using the subjects of "A Chaotic World," "The Hope of the World" and "Neglected Americans," respectively. Roy Williams, Clerk of the Monthly Meeting, closed the discussion by explaining the task of the whole church.

On November 19 a church dinner was held, at which time the Monthly Meeting committees considered future plans and programs, reporting on their findings later in the evening. In this way the work of the entire church became more clearly understood by all the members.

Dorothy Pitman, editor of the Friends *Missionary Advocate*, was present and spoke clearly of her work among the Oklahoma Indians. We were reminded that each mission group presents its own peculiar problems and that all are worthy of our loyal support.

The Finance Committee's plans, if adhered to, will meet entirely the needs of the local church and of the United Budget apportionment.

Financial Statement

REPORT OF UNITED BENEVOLENCES

(APRIL 1 TO NOVEMBER 30, 1941)

Received from Yearly Meetings:	
Baltimore	$ 1,358.25
California	61.58
Canada	25.00
Indiana	9,430.08
Iowa	4,796.40
Nebraska	257.09
New England	651.95
New York	1,762.46
North Carolina	2,440.88
Western	4,450.82
Wilmington	1,220.83
Other Sources	1,416.29
Total Receipts	$27,871.63
Distributed to:	
American Friends Board of Missions	$21,142.12
Peace Association of Friends in America	647.19
Board on Christian Education	1,332.11
Board on Public Morals	191.28
Board of Education	129.37
Fund for Aged Ministers and Missionaries	878.34
Cooperative Fund	3,201.50
Emergency Fund	349.72
Total Disbursements	$27,871.63
Estimated budget for year 1941-42	*$68,186.00
Receipts to date	27,871.63
Balance to be raised by March 31, 1941	$40,314.37

*This figure has been revised downward by the Executive Committee since its annual meeting in April, and represents the amount asked for last year.

I CANNOT RETREAT

(Continued from page 542)

termined to come home and do my utmost in opposing both the drift toward war, and its tyrannical instrument—conscription.

I hope I have made plain what my convictions are, and why I am here. If I were a Russian or German citizen and had made a similar attack on the evils of conscription and war in Russia or Germany, I would probably be executed. The penalty provided in our own Draft Act means up to five years in prison and $10,000 fine. But, be the penalty what it may, I can do no other than stand for what I believe to be right.

In closing, I would like to take the opportunity of expressing my appreciation to the F.B.I., to the other members of the Federal Department of Justice, and to this court, for their consistent courtesy and consideration. I hope I may some day have the pleasure of meeting them under more congenial circumstances.

(The Federal Judge sentenced young Richards to prison.)

TOWARD FELLOWSHIP IN MEDITATION

Conducted by Herman Newman

A GOOD WILL CALL

The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.—MARK 1:3.

* * * *

Has hate so entered our souls that we are indifferent to innocent suffering? I do not believe it.

HERBERT HOOVER.

* * * *

According to Herbert Hoover's figures, there are approximately forty million children in the German-invaded democracies of Europe, millions of whom are starving. Ceaselessly their pleas ascend to the free democracies of the West for food.

* * * *

In April this year, ex-President Hoover presented to our State Department a plan for relieving this distress. It specified: that the United States should try to enlist the cooperation of other neutral countries, such as Switzerland, Sweden, Argentina or Ireland, to act as trustees for starving populations; that these trustees should proceed at once to arrange with both belligerents for any needed safeguards against military advantage, and should undertake with their own agents to administer and safeguard the distribution of relief; that Germany should be asked to cease taking the native food products from distressed countries, and should from her own surplus of breadstuffs furnish enough to keep the children in subject countries from starving; that with this arrangement it would be unnecessary to import overseas anything but fats and special foods. No official action has yet been taken relative to the proposal.

* * * *

And I would like to ask those who have opposed these proposals: Is the allied cause any further advanced today as a consequence of this starvation of children? Are Hitler's armies any less victorious than if these children had been saved? Are Britain's children better fed today because these millions of former Allied children have been hungry or have died? Can you point to one benefit that has been gained from this holocaust? Is not it time that we realize these attitudes cannot be continued if our own spiritual life is not to be soiled?

HERBERT HOOVER.

* * * *

To those who say it is impossible to secure cooperation among nations for this purpose I wish again to repeat two reasons that make it worth trying: First—it was done for four long years during the last war, and it was done to the satisfaction, publicly expressed, of all the governments concerned. Second—last February the German Government negotiated favorably upon such action in respect to Belgium. And, furthermore, there have been some relaxations in the British blockade.

HERBERT HOOVER.

* * * *

My children are not hungry—
They do not wake and cry;
But over there, they tell me
The little children die
Holding white hands upward
And moaning in the night;
God, how do mothers bear it?
I could not bear the sight
Of white hands reaching upward—
Of white hands in the night.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL.

* * * *

My countrymen, unless this effort is made, our failure to act will some day come back to fill this Nation with grief and remorse.

HERBERT HOOVER.

* * * *

O Lord, we are so insignificant and ineffective in a crisis like this. Strengthen Thou our hands; and direct our planning. May our prayers be more than empty words.

Be Thou very near those in authority and teach them to temper force with justice. May they early come to modify the blockade so hungry children may be fed. AMEN

SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL PROGRESS AT WESTFIELD

Westfield, Indiana (Western Yearly Meeting) closed a two weeks meeting on November 23rd. Albert L. Copeland, the pastor, was the evangelist and was assisted by Robert M. Waggoner of Marion College, who directed the musical activities. Attendance and interest were good, the church was deepened in spiritual things. There were twelve conversions.

Westfield Friends have painted the parsonage and made other improvements in the property. New venetian blinds recently hung in the church are the gift of the women of the meeting.

Three young people of this meeting are serving as pastors: Wilma Moon, of Mount Lebanon, New London Quarter; Edwin Barker, of Hinkle Creek, West Grove Quarter; and Edith Hill, of Friends Grove and Harmony, Pleasant Grove Quarter, in Illinois.

Bible Sunday was observed on December 7, when the pastor spoke on "Magnifying God's Word." Members of the meeting were asked to bring any Bibles they might have of value or with sentimental attachments, those of parents or ancestors, and those of interest because of age or records contained. All these Bibles were placed upon a table before the platform, each containing a card giving interesting information about the Bible, so they could be shared by all present.

WOMEN FRIEND NOTABLES APPEAR IN TEXAS

The League City, Texas, Friends Missionary Society held a very interesting meeting on Friday, November 14, in the home of Eliza Jane Lawrence. The Missionary Societies of Friendswood, Bayshore and Westgate Meetings were represented.

The Thanksgiving theme of the meeting was carried out in the decorations of fruits, roses and zinnias. All were surprised and pleased when Eliza Jane Lawrence ushered in two venerable Quaker Friends, Elizabeth Fry and Margaret Fell Fox. A quartet consisting of Violet Brown, Edith Selleck, Phyllis Hickman, and Ruth Brown gave a vocal number, after which Ruth Brown vividly pictured the life and character of Elizabeth Fry, telling briefly of some of her prison reform work.

At this time Elizabeth Fry (whom we discovered to be Pearl Alice Hole of Friendswood, wearing the bonnet and shawl worn by her husband's grandmother in Ireland) gave the highlights of the life of her friend, Margaret Fell Fox, who proved to be Anna Youmans of Long Beach, California. The presentation of these two old Quaker ladies helped bring back the spirit of Thanksgiving days in the past.

FELLOWSHIP COUNCIL TO MEET IN WASHINGTON

The American Friends Fellowship Council, which continually affords opportunity for the interchange of inspiration and information among Friends of diversified backgrounds, will hold its annual meeting on January 24 and 25 at the Florida Avenue Meetinghouse in Washington, D. C. New and old meetings, urban and rural meetings, programmed and unprogrammed meetings are all urged to participate in the significant contributions which each can make. All persons interested in this fellowship are cordially invited to attend the sessions. Reservations for hospitality should be sent by January 1 if possible to Allen J. White, 2111 Florida Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

QUAKERDOM · AT · LARGE

Dean A. D. Beittel of Guilford College, has been named chairman of a committee of educators and college workers sponsored by the Hazen Foundation for the study of life on college campuses and of student-faculty relationships.

* * * *

Edna Goodwin, of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, who gave a year or more of effective volunteer service on our field in Jamaica, recently returned to this country and is now with her brother and wife in Wichita, Kansas.

* * * *

Lenore Stevens of the Friends Kickapoo Mission in Oklahoma, daughter of Ethel Stevens, recently won first place in the W. C. T. U. speaking contest in the McLoud community. Such an achievement for a Kickapoo girl represents real effort and progress.

* * * *

On December 9, the Friends War Victims Relief Committee sent the following cable from London to the American Friends Service Committee: "May the grace and strength of God enable you to continue to walk cheerfully over the world in spite of the heavy burden of new suffering."

* * * *

Annice Carter of Russiaville, Indiana, a teacher in the Friends Girls School at Ram Allah, Palestine, has returned to this country on furlough. She made the trip from Palestine to Capetown, South Africa, by plane, taking a steamer from there to New York. She reports that the workers who remain are well and in good spirits.

* * * *

At a recent public conference held in Chicago to consider the status and service of conscientious objectors, Dr. Arthur E. Holt, Honorary Chairman of the Congregational-Christian Council for Social Action, said that following the present era of warfare, Protestant leadership in the United States will shift from the evangelistic or preaching bodies to the traditional peace churches such as the Quakers, Mennonites and Brethren.

* * * *

Harold W. Flitcraft, prominent Chicago Friend, has been appointed insurance editor for the Chicago *Sun*, the new morning newspaper founded by Marshall Field, with Silliman Evans as publisher. Business pages will be written for consumer rather than for trade attention. Harold Flitcraft will furnish a Sunday spread of insurance information and news from his office in Oak Park where he edits the *Life Insurance Courant*.

* * * *

During the week of January 8-14, Arthur E. Morgan, formerly Chairman of the T. V. A. and President of Antioch College, with his wife, Lucy Morgan, will be at Quaker Hill, Richmond, Indiana. Arthur Morgan will be available for speaking engagements in the vicinity. In addition there will be conferences, teas and other opportunities for persons to meet the Morgans, both of whom are members of the Society of Friends. Arthur Morgan is now President of Community Service, Inc., an organization devoted to the study and furthering of the community as a basic social institution.

* * * *

In view of recent developments in the Pacific, Friends are keen for news regarding the progress which Robert L. and Margaret T. Simkin are making on their way back to their post of service in West China. The latest word of them has come from the Friends meeting in Honolulu, expressing appreciation of the presence and service of the Simkins there. Presumably they had reached and departed from Manila previous to the Japanese attack on that city. Naturally much concern, too, is felt for Gilbert and Minnie Bowles and for their sons, Dr. Herbert and Professor Gordon Bowles and their families, resident in Honolulu. There has not yet been time to hear of or from them.

NEWS OF OUR MEETINGS

Early in December, George B. Evans, until that time minister and pastor at the New Sharon, Iowa, Meeting, removed to Grinnell, Iowa, to take over pastoral responsibilities there. In addition he is serving as pastor and servant-in-general at Oak Grove Meeting near by.

* * * *

The annual Meeting Workers Institute at Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pennsylvania, is scheduled for January 2-8. At this institute courses will be given in Quakerism and the Bible. Also a daily discussion period led by experienced Friends will deal with special problems regarding Friends meetings. Because the enrollment in this Institute has in recent years equalled or exceeded the capacity of Pendle Hill, early registration is advised.

* * * *

A previous notice in these columns may have been somewhat misleading to readers. It should be noted that Frank J. Long, pastor at the Plainfield, Indiana, Meeting is serving as Chaplain at the Indiana Boys School *in addition* to his regular pastoral duties. In connection with his work at the school, Frank Long speaks to the boys each Sunday afternoon and the boys are free to meet with him individually on any Tuesday afternoon.

* * * *

The Men's League of the Wilmington, Ohio, Meeting joined thirty men of the Cincinnati League for its November gathering at Cincinnati. As is customary, the visiting group arranged the program, which included the Wilmington College Gospel Team, a girls' trio and a mixed quartet. Dr. George Howgate, Professor of English at Wilmington College, spoke on "Christianity and the Changing World." . . . At the December meeting, Elizabeth Haviland, Biology Instructor, presented an illustrated lecture on the missionary work in Kenya Colony, Africa. . . Dr. S. A. Watson is president of the Men's League this year.

* * * *

The Executive Committee of Wilmington Yearly Meeting has recently directed a series of conferences through the Yearly Meeting for the purpose of clarifying the plans and work of its various committees. Percy M. Thomas and Merle L. Davis, either one or both, have been present at most of the conferences held so far, all of which have been greatly implemented by the planning of Wendell G. Farr, the Yearly Meeting Superintendent. Seven members are participating in these presentations, such conferences having been held at Center and Miami Quarterly Meetings and in the local meetings of Chester, Xenia, Jamestown, Springfield, Fall Creek, Fairview and Leesburg.

* * * *

Without formal organization, a group of Leonia, New Jersey, Friends meet regularly each Sunday in the home of Dr. Victor Paschkis at 423 Washington Terrace for a worship service at 9:45, followed by the forum hour at 10:30. Monthly Meeting is held regularly at the same place on the first Tuesday of each month. All are cordially invited to these meetings. The telephone is 4-0697M. This location is convenient not only to northeastern Bergen County, including the towns of Englewood, Tenafly, Palisades Park, Hackensack, and Ft. Lee, but is also convenient to uptown New York, being west of the

George Washington Bridge in the first block west off Bergen Boulevard.

* * * *

There is greatly increased interest in the Christian Endeavor Society in Watseka, Illinois, Monthly Meeting. The pastor, Maude Carter Smock, and her husband entertained the members on the evening of November 28. There were twenty-six present, and in the business session four new names were added. . . New enthusiasm is also being shown in the missionary work of the meeting. A Christmas barrel and two boxes have just been sent down to the Indian Mission at Wyandotte, Oklahoma, the estimated value being $160. An amount of $15.30 was collected recently for the "Buffalo Roundup.". . . The meeting is extremely appreciative of the well-rounded efforts of the pastor.

* * * *

A rather unique inter-denominational contest is under way between the Asheboro Street Meeting in Greensboro, North Carolina, and the Centenary Methodist Church of that city, to increase the Bible School attendance. Beginning on October 5 the Methodists took the lead over the Quakers; on the following Sunday Asheboro Friends went far ahead of the Methodists and have managed to keep a fair margin since then. On November 16 the Centenary Church showed a 114 per cent average attendance while Asheboro Street Friends maintained an average of 119 per cent. The outcome remains to be seen when the contest closes on December 28, and from the more permanent results in succeeding months.

* * * *

Homer G. Biddlecum, pastor at the Charlottesville, Indiana, Meeting, recently held two weeks of evangelistic meetings at South Methodist Church in Greenfield. . . The Charlottesville Meeting is keenly interested and active in its work for the C. O. camp. Already two comforts have been sent and two others are being made. The Bible School collection taken on the third Sunday of each month is set aside for Civilian Public Service purposes, and so far has averaged over thirty dollars for each offering. . . A large box has been filled with useful and needed articles and sent to our mission station in the Tennessee mountains. An overflow has been reported and a second box is being prepared.

* * * *

The St. Petersburg, Florida, Meeting held its first regular meeting for worship for the winter season on November 9 at the new meetinghouse, 130 19th Avenue, S. E., in St. Petersburg. Helen A. Passmore, James E. Dickinson and Amelia Featherstone, of Sandy Springs, Maryland, all contributed to the meeting with acceptable messages. . . The business meeting held on November 6 was preceded by a covered dish supper. . . . A Thanksgiving dinner was held on November 27 at the meetinghouse for members of the meeting. . . A cordial invitation is extended to all visiting Friends and those interested to participate in the religious and social gatherings of the St. Petersburg Meeting while they are in the city.

* * * *

A Christian recruiting program has been carried out in the Jonesboro, Indiana, Meeting lately. Beginning with the last Sunday in October and continuing until the 14th of December, the following days were observed: On October 26, Missionary Day; November 2, Guest Day and dedication of infants; November 16, Father and Son Day; November 23, Thanksgiving service; November 30, Mother and Daughter Day; on December 7, Family Day; and on December 14, a final Guest Day. Members of the meeting joined with the pastor, Bertha Day, in giving their wholehearted cooperation during this period. . . . At the annual Father and Son Banquet, held November 25, the ladies of the church furnished and prepared the meal. The evening's program was in charge of N. J. Coppock. . . The attendance for Sunday School and church shows an increase over last year.

* * * *

Jamestown Meeting of Wilmington Yearly Meeting observed Armistice Day with the Prince of Peace Declamation Contest. Two young people entered the local contest, the winner being Anna Brown. . . Men and Missions Sunday was observed on November 16, with eight men assisting in the program. . . . During October and November the Women's Missionary Society, Young People and children made a special study of our Indian work. On November 30 the study was culminated by a presentation of an Indian worship program by the children during the meeting for worship. The story, "Fierce Feathers," was given in pantomime, and hand-work, maps and a picture demonstration were very ably directed by Mary Bingamon. Stella Walker spoke on "The Indian and His Religion." Herding the buffalo nickels was participated in by both the children and adults. That evening Merle L. Davis presented moving pictures of our Indian work.

* * * *

Union Street Meeting in Kokomo, Indiana, held a special Thanksgiving service on November 16, at which time a thank offering was taken amounting to $336. Out of this, $250 was set aside as a nest-egg for a fund to redecorate the interior of the building early next spring. A most stimulating sermon was given by the pastor, Murray C. Johnson, on "Thanksgiving Meditation.". . . Alton McNew, the new choir director, has recently organized three choirs: a Senior Choir of twenty-three members, a Young People's Choir composed of High School and Junior College students, and a Junior Choir, made up of children in Junior High School. The Junior and Senior Choirs have already rendered some very beautiful numbers. . . Sunday, November 23, was Cradle Roll Day, at which time thirteen new babies received their certificates. There were thirty-three members of the Cradle Roll Department present for these special exercises.

OLD SPRINGFIELD TAKES ON NEW LIFE

On September 1, Harold Hadley arrived at Springfield Meeting near High Point, North Carolina, to take up his duties as minister. With him came his father, Perry Hadley, who for many years served on the Alaskan mission field. Harold C. Hadley, an honor student at Friends University and a recent graduate of Boston University School of Theology, spent the summer in Mexico as director of a work camp project under the auspices of the American Friends Service Committee.

Clara I. Cox served Springfield Meeting as pastor for twenty-one years, but since her passing in 1940, Springfield has had no full-time pastor. Tom A. Sykes, now located at Thomasville as personnel director of a mammoth furniture industry, most acceptably filled the pulpit on First Day for the greater part of the time.

An imposing new minister's home has been erected at a cost of approximately $9,500, and beautifully furnished throughout by interested friends under the leadership of Halsey Tomlinson. The slogan adopted in building this home was, every member a contributor, and about ninety-eight per cent of the members made a contribution in order to make the home possible.

Upon the arrival of Harold and Perry Hadley, a church membership social, followed by a picnic supper, was held in order to give everyone an opportunity to meet and greet the new minister. Almost the entire resident membership as well as many non-resident members were in attendance and 375 were at the supper and informal meeting which followed.

Under the leadership of the Men's Union, the week of November 9-16 was set aside as a period of special visitation and fellowship in order to obtain information which will make it possible for the Springfield Meeting to become

increasingly helpful to the community it was built to serve. A complete survey of the community was made in order to ascertain how many are church members, how many are not church members, how many attend Sunday School, etc. Following the week of visitation, Sunday, November 16 was set aside as Community Visitors Day. Every person in the community was given a letter inviting him to attend a special program at Springfield which featured special Thanksgiving music and a sermon by Harold Hadley. The survey was very successful and the church was filled to overflowing on Visitors Sunday. Startling figures revealed that within the limit of Springfield Meeting in the homes visited, there were more than five hundred individuals who were not members of any church and who attend no Sunday School.

An Intermediate Christian Endeavor Society with twenty-six members has recently been started with Jay and Elizabeth Hendricks as leaders. A four weeks campaign for members is now in progress and many new members are being added.

A Springfield Friends Service Group has been organized. This Group meets once each week at the minister's home. At the present, the group is limited to a minimum membership so that it will not be unwieldly. Projects of the same type as the American Friends Service Committee work camps are to be undertaken. The first work of this group is to be done at Bundy's Chapel, which is a small congregation belonging to Springfield Monthly Meeting. This young Friends Service group is painting the church inside and out as well as doing many other pieces of needed repair work, planting shrubbery, etc. This work will all be done by individual members of the group and will indeed be an inspiration to the members of Bundy's Chapel who are struggling for existence.

The entire community has felt a renewal of faith and interest and the work which has been going on at Springfield for 167 years is taking on new life.

MEETINGS ON PILGRIMAGE TO C. P. S. CAMP

On Saturday, November 29, a delegation of Friends representing Newport, Saylesville and Portsmouth, Rhode Island, Meetings went on a pilgrimage to the Conscientious Objectors' Camp at South Royalston, Massachusetts. The trip was planned by the "Gospel Team" of Rhode Island Quarterly Meeting, and twenty-seven joined the party. The cars were laden with fruit, vegetables, home-made pastry, canned goods of all kinds, and also warm bedding. Dinner was enjoyed with the forty-two boys of the camp. After dinner, a service was conducted by the members of the "Gospel Team." Norman E. Trafton, pastor of the Newport Meeting, gave an earnest message on a conscience, "void of offense toward God and man," made possible by the Divine Spirit. Hymn-singing and special musical numbers were enjoyed by all, after which the camp buildings were open for inspection. A fine spirit of cooperation and good fellowship prevails at the camp.

FOREST AVENUE FRIENDS TRULY THANKFUL

On Monday night, November 3, a service of thanksgiving was held at the Forest Avenue Meeting, Portland, Maine, at which time the note on the church property was burned. Ten years ago the meeting started a long-time program of improvement to the physical property. A basement was built under the meetinghouse (now ninety-six years old), and an adequate heating system was installed to supplant the old stoves. New furniture has been added from time to time. Two years ago the entire interior was redecorated, and the following year a most useful room with two alcoves was constructed in the unfinished portion of the second floor. This is used by the Junior Church and the junior department of the Bible School. Much of the decorating and building of the junior room was done by members of the meeting who volunteered their time. During the ten year period more than $3,500 have been spent on improvements, most of which has been raised by the Women's League of Forest Avenue Meeting. Portland Friends can now rejoice that all indebtedness is cleared away.

This fall a new club for young married women has been organized in the Forest Avenue Meeting to be known as the Friendly Service Club. Friendship, education and service form the basis of activity in this club. While many of the young women are not members of the meeting, they are going to work enthusiastically for the church.

Forest Avenue Meeting has a new attender this fall in the person of Alice Lindley Cook of New Castle, Indiana, mother of Lindley J. Cook, the pastor. Many years ago her ancestors travelled from North Carolina to western Indiana in covered wagons. Last September she travelled from Indiana to Maine in an automobile and house trailer. Eighty years of age, she is able to attend the meeting for worship nearly every Sunday and often participates.

VISITING SPEAKERS WITH MINNEAPOLIS FRIENDS

Minneapolis Friends recently experienced great uplift and inspiration from the ministration of Professor Glenn Clark of Macalester College, St. Paul. He was with us for three services, Sunday mornings, October 19 and 26, and Thursday evening, October 23. Radio and newspaper publicity resulted in large congregations at all three meetings. His influence continues, partly through his books, a large variety of which were left for sale. A number of these have had to be reordered to supply the demand.

Another great favor was the presence of Willis R. Hotchkiss, who preached for us two evenings, the last Monday and Saturday of November, when the church at which he was speaking through the week, gave him time off for rest! The Woman's Missionary Society had a dinner at the church, and a brief program before we left the tables to listen to the message from Africa.

Max Burke of the Service Committee also spoke very instructively and earnestly in the morning worship December 7; while D. Ella Newlin of Ohio, in Minneapolis for several weeks with her daughter, Helen Kindel, brought a fine message on stewardship, November 16.

Once in two months, instead of conducting the regular evening service at a private home (with a junior meeting going on upstairs), Friends again are responsible for the service at the Union City Mission. The Young Friends Fellowship Group, which meets at the University alternate weeks, is planning a work camp project in Minneapolis for next summer; and the Civilian Public Service Club is now looking forward to a week-end peace institute, perhaps with co-operation of the Women's League for Peace and Freedom and the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Sunday morning, December 7, was memorable in that we trod for the first time on our soft new carpet. The men of the church had removed and replaced the pews, and all was completed between Sundays. So we have much to be thankful for.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(Continued from page 534)

and the ultimate dependability of the moral order, the belief in immortality is one of the great hitching posts in the universe. It is the antidote of futility. It sanctions the sacredness of life and the moral imperative.

W. BRUCE HADLEY.

Richmond, Indiana.

NATHAN PICKETT

Nathan Pickett, youngest son of Lot and Asenath Pickett, was born February 19, 1876, at the family homestead in the Bloomingdale, Indiana, community, and died in a Terre Haute, Indiana, hospital on November 28, 1941, aged 65 years. After graduating from Bloomingdale Academy, he studied in Earlham College before spending some years in teaching. He was always an earnest student in the school of life.

In June, 1898, he married Lulu J. Strong, who survives him, with their daughter, Marjorie Pickett Osborn; also surviving are his brother, Arthur Pickett, and two sisters Flora Mills Morris and Mary Pickett, all of Bloomingdale.

Nathan Pickett entered the ministry in 1920, his first pastorates being Sedley and Bethel Meetings, Virginia, in Baltimore Yearly Meeting. After nearly nine years in Virginia, he was called to serve Knoxville Meeting in Tennessee, as pastor for two years. Carthage, Indiana, was the next field of labor where for four years, he and his wife faithfully served the interests of that locality. On account of ill health he re-resigned the responsibilities at Carthage and returned to their home at Bloomingdale for rest and recuperation.

Recovering something of his physical strength, Nathan and Lulu Pickett have recently shepherded four meetings in Bloomingdale Quarterly Meeting—Rush Creek and Tangier, in Parke County, and Providence and Benson Chapel, south of Terre Haute. At the time of his death he was Quarterly Meeting Superintendent of Evangelism, and a member of the Evangelistic Committee of Western Yearly Meeting. His influence for good over young people was remarkable, and many of them today are living noble lives because in their formative years, Nathan Pickett touched their lives and inspired them.

Impressive funeral services were held from the meetinghouse in Bloomingdale on the afternoon of November 30, with the pastor, Lee Partington giving the message. Others participating in the exercises were General Superintendent F. E. Carter of Plainfield, Mary Hiatt, Georgetown, Illinois, and Paul Shults of Marshall, Indiana. A quartet of young men from Providence Meeting sang appropriate selections.

BIRTHS

DENNIS—To David W. and Tresa Justice Dennis, on November 19, 1941, at Richmond, Indiana, a son, William Cullen Dennis II.

HOBSON—To Arthur K. and Arline Booth Hobson of Hominy, Oklahoma, on November 11, 1941, a daughter, Gracia Elizabeth.

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MARRIAGES

MENDENHALL-COFFIN—At the Pleasant Plain, Iowa, Friends Church on November 27, 1941, Mildred Lucile Coffin, daughter of Everett and Alice Coffin of Pleasant Plain, and Herschel Lewis Mendenhall, son of Lloyd Mendenhall of Earlham, Iowa. Edwin McGrew, minister.

DEATHS

BONNELL—On November 20, 1941, Elizabeth McMillan Bonnell, aged ninety-two years, birthright Friend and lifelong member of the Salem, Iowa, Meeting. She was the daughter of Amos and Sevilah McMillan and born in Lee County, Iowa, where she attended her home school in early years and Whittier College at Salem for one year. In 1867 she was married to Sylvanus Bonnell, who preceded her in death in 1929. To them were born four children, three of whom survive their mother. She was a faithful worker in her meeting, particularly as Superintendent of the Home Department of the Sunday School for many years and as a loyal supporter of the Woman's Missionary Society. Funeral services were held at the Salem Church, conducted by Bessie F. Collins, with Clinton L. Nellis assisting.

COFFIN—On November 24, 1941, near Pleasant Plain, Iowa, Ida Waters Coffin, aged 66 years. The daughter of Martin and Mary Waters, she was born September 1, 1875, in Washington County, Iowa. Her early life, except for a few years near Richland, Missouri, was spent in that locality, where she attended public school and Pleasant Plain Academy. In 1896 she was married to Elmer Coffin and to them were born five children, all of whom survive. Their home was established near Pleasant Plain, where they lived all their married life and where she had her membership in the Friends meeting, to which she gave faithful and devoted service for all the years she was able. Besides her husband and children she is survived by one brother and one foster sister. Services were conducted by the pastors, Willis and Nora Craven.

HARSHBARGER—On November 7, 1941, after a lingering illness, Clara Christian Harshbarger, a lifelong Friend, aged 66 years. The daughter of Aaron and Lydia Bolinger Christian, she was born on January 18, 1875. In 1897 she was united in marriage to William Harshbarger. She was a faithful member of the West Milton, Ohio, Friends Church, to which she gave much time and thought and in which she served actively as an Elder. One son and two brothers and one sister preceded her in death. Surviving are her husband, two daughters and four sisters. Services were held at the West Milton Friends Church, Russell Burkett in charge, assisted by Harry Reece and Marie Cassell.

JONES—On November 8, 1941, at Richland, Iowa, Rebecca Ann Jones Hadley, aged 91 years. The daughter of Hezekiah Jerusha Jones, she was born in Blunt County, Tennessee on May 9, 1850, and came to Iowa with her parents during the Civil War. Crossing the Mississippi River at Burlington, her family settled on a farm north of Richland, where she attended school, later becoming a student at Whittier College at Salem, Iowa. A birthright Friend, she attended regularly the Woolson Church for the past sixty-six years. On April 14, 1875, she was united in marriage to Ezra Hadley of Richland, who preceded her in death in 1937. Surviving besides one brother are five children. Funeral services were held in Richland, Guy Hunting in charge.

KELLUM—On November 5, 1941, at Boone, Iowa, Alma Kellum, aged 87 years. The daughter of Nathan and Rachel Maxwell Kellum, she was born near Pilot Grove, Iowa, the only child of her parents, who befriended several other children. Though her health was never good, she was able to care for her mother, who passed away in 1912. Being deprived of part of her school days, she took a Chautauqua course which helped her much in later years. She was a member of Cedar Creek Meeting, and of the Woman's Missionary Society and the W. C. T. U., being very active in both organizations. Recorded a minister while a member of the Chestnut Hill Meeting, she endeavored to bear faithful testimony and render services as strength and opportunity permitted. Services were held at Salem with Bessie Collins officiating, assisted by Clinton L. Nellis.

LUPTON—On October 1, 1941, Grace A. Lupton, a member of Cedar Creek, Iowa, Meeting, at the age of sixty years. The daughter of Samuel and Sarah Lupton, she was born in Henry County where she spent her entire life, attending the local school there and later the Normal School in Mt. Pleasant, from which she graduated. She taught in

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various schools of the county for twenty years. She was a concerned member of the meeting and an interested Sunday School teacher for some years. Of the family of eight children, surviving are two sisters and three brothers. Services were held at Cedar Creek Friends Church, Bessie Collins in charge.

MAXWELL—On October 8, 1941, Mary E. Trueblood Maxwell, a member of Cedar Creek, Iowa, Meeting, aged seventy-three. The daughter of Dorson and Lydia B. Trueblood, she spent her entire life in Cedar Creek community, where, in 1889, she was married to Enos J. Maxwell and to them were born four children. A devoted Christian wife and mother, Mollie Maxwell, as she was known by her friends, was a faithful worker in Cedar Friends Meeting as long as health permitted. For many years she taught in the Sunday School and was actively engaged in the work of the Woman's Missionary Society. Surviving are her husband and four children. Funeral services were held at Salem Friends Church with burial in Cedar Creek Cemetery. Bessie F. Collins in charge, assisted by Clinton L. Nellis.

NEWLIN—On November 21, 1941, at the home of his sister, Olive Lewellen, near Plainfield, Indiana, Albert M. Newlin, aged seventy-four, the eldest child of the late Charles O. and Sarah H. Newlin. He was born on June 23, 1867, near Plainfield. At the time of his death he was a member of the First Friends Church of Indianapolis, where he lived the greater part of his life.

OVERMAN—On November 22, 1941, in his home near Amboy, Indiana, Allen H. Overman, aged 84 years. He was a birthright Friend and filled faithfully his places of responsibility throughout his many years of fellowship in the church. Funeral services were held in the Friends meetinghouse, with L. Herbert Reynolds and R. Aaron Napier in charge.

POWELL—On November 20, 1941, in Amboy, Indiana, Mary Etta Powell, aged 84 years. She was born near Amboy where she lived throughout her life. She was the widow of Louis Powell who preceded her in death in 1927. A birthright Friend, her life has been lived in devotion to her church as long as she was physically able. Funeral services were held in the Friends meetinghouse, with L. Herbert Reynolds in charge.

THOMPSON—On June 24, 1941, at Ft. Collins, Colorado, Arthur W. Thompson, aged sixty-six years. A birthright Friend, he was the son of Zimri L. and Sarah S. Thompson, and a former resident of Watseka, Illinois, and Haviland, Kansas. Surviving are two brothers and three sisters.

LOCAL MEETING DIRECTORY

BERKLEY, CALIFORNIA

Friends Memorial Church, Fulton Street at Channing Way. Morning worship, 11 o'clock. Evening service, 7:45. Gorman Y. Doubleday, minister. Phone Thornwall 5370.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Chicago Monthly Meeting, 110th Street and Longwood Drive. Bible School 10:30, Meeting 11:30. Rock Island Suburban Line to 111th Street. Halsted streetcar—"111th Sacramento," get off at Longwood Drive. Russell E. Rees, Minister, 2208 West 111th Street. Phone Cedarcrest 2715.

Evanston Meeting, Maple and Greenleaf, Evanston. One block east of Ridge Boulevard, two blocks north of Main Street. Bible School at ten; Meeting for Worship, eleven. Lewis Benson, 911 Greenleaf St., Evanston, Illinois.

57th Street Meeting, 1174 East 57th Street, John Woolman Hall. Meeting for worship, 10:45; Religious Forum 11:30 a. m. Jeanette F. Stetson, secretary, 633 Maple Ave., Oak Park, Illinois, Phone Euclid 565.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Friends Meeting, Eden and Donahue Sts. Take either car 55 or 78 to University Ave., then walk east three blocks. Bible School, 9:45, and Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Robert M. Jones, pastor, 1607 Flora Ave., N. College Hill.

DENVER, COLORADO

Friends Meeting, 4100 Shoshone St., Worship 11 a. m., Church School 9:45 a. m., Norman E. Young, Minister, 4146 Irving St. Tel. Gr. 4741.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

First Friends Church, Fullerton and Ohio Ave., in Noble School Bldg. Take Grand River car to Ohio, then two blocks north. Bible School, 10 a. m., Meeting for 11 a. m. Worship. Send names and addresses of people coming to Detroit to Dr. Bruce Douglas, 18066 Warrington Drive, Detroit, Michigan.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Friends Church, 1st Avenue South at 14th Street. Bible School at 10 a. m. Meeting for Worship at 11 a. m. Pastor, Wendell Hansen, 111 W. 45th Street. Telephone Pleasant 2960.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

United Meeting for Worship of Twentieth Street Meeting and Fifteenth Street Meeting. From October through April at Friends Meetinghouse, 221 E. 15th street, First Day at 11:00 a. m. Visitors welcome.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Friends Memorial Meeting, 23rd and East Spruce. Bible School, 10:00. Meeting for Worship, 11:00. Edward Wagenknecht, Minister. Phone Ev. 0549.

University Friends Meeting, 3959 15th Ave., N. E., Phone Melrose 7450. Religious discussion, 10:00 a.m. Meeting for Worship, 11:00 a.m.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington Monthly Meeting of Friends, affiliated with Five Years Meeting, 13th and Irving Streets, N. W.; Bible School, 9:45 a.m., Meeting for Worship, 11 a.m. Visitors welcome.

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